

THE Salamanca Doctor's Farewel : OR, TITUS'S

Exaltation to the Pillory; upon his Conviction of PERJURY.

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of, Packintons Pound.

I.

Come listen, ye *Whigs*, to my pitiful Moan,
All you that have Ears, when the Doctor has none;
In Sackcloth and Ashes let's sadly be jogging,
To behold our dear Saviour oth' Nation a flogging,
The *Tories* to spight us,
As a Goblin to fright us,
With a damn'd wooden Ruff will bedeck our Friend *Titus*;
Then mourn all to see this ungrateful Behaviour,
From these lewd Popish *Tories* to the dear Nation-Saviour.

II.

From three prostrate Kingdoms at once to adore me,
And no less than three Parliaments kneeling before me;
From hanging of *Lords* with a Word and a Frown,
And no more than an Oath to the shaking a Crown:
For all these brave Pranks,
Now to have no more thanks,
Than to look thro' a Hole, thro' two damn'd oaken Planks.
Oh! mourn ye poor *Whigs* with sad Lamentation,
To see the hard Fate of the Saviour oth' Nation.

III.

For ever farewell the true Protestant Famous
Old days of th' Illustrious great *Ignoramus*;
Had the great Head-man *Babel*, that honest *Ketch Royal*,
But fate at the Helm still, the Rogues I'd defy all;
The kind *Tockelike* Crew,
To the *Alcoran* true,
Spight of Law, Oaths or Gospel, would save poor true *Blue*;
But the *Tories* are up, and no Quarter nor Favour,
To trusty old *Titus*, the great Nation-Saviour.

IV.

There once was a Time, Boys, when to the Worlds wonder,
I could kill with a Breath more than *Jove* with his Thunder;
But, oh! my great Narrative's made but a Fable,
My Pilgrims and Armies confounded like *Babel*;
Oh they've struck me quite dumb,
And to tickle my Bum,
Have my Oracles turn'd all to a Tale of *Tom Thumb*.
Oh! weep all to see this ungrateful Behaviour,
In thus ridiculing the great Nation-Saviour.

V.

From Honour and Favour, and Joys, my full swing;
From 12 pound a week, and the World in a string;
Ah poor falling *Titus*! 'tis a cursed Debasement,
To be peked with Eggs thro' a lewd wooden Casement!
And oh muckle *Tony*,
To see thy old Crony,
With a Face all benointed with wild Locust Honey:
'Twould make thy old *TAPP* weep with sad Lamentation,
For trusty old *Titus*, thy Saviour oth' Nation.

VI.

See the Rabble all round me in Battel array,
Against my wood Castle their Batteries play;
With Turnep-Granadoes the Storm is begun,
All weapons more mortal than *Pickering's* screw'd Gun:
Oh! my Torture begins
To punish my Sins,
For peeping thro' Key-holes, to spy *Dukes* and *Queens*!
Which makes me to roar out with sad Lamentation,
For this tragical Blow to the Saviour oth' Nation.

VII.

A curse on the day, when the *Papists* to run down,
I left buggering at *Omers*, to swear Plots at *London*;
And oh my dear Friends! 'tis a damnable hard case,
To think how they'll pepper my sanctify'd Carcass;
Were my Skin but as tough,
As my Conscience of Buff,
Let 'em pelt their Heart-bloods, I'd hold out well enough;
But oh these sad Buffets of Mortification,
To maul the poor Hide of the Saviour oth' Nation.

VIII.

Had the Parliament fate till they'd once more but put
Three Kingdoms into the *Geneva* old Cut,
With what Homage and Duty to *Titus* in Glory,
Had the worshipping Saints turn'd their Bums up before me:
But oh the poor Stallion,
Alamode de Italian,
To be futred at last like an *English Rascallion*.
Oh mourn all ye Brethren of th' Association,
To see this sad Fate of the Saviour oth' Nation.

IX.

Cou'd I once but get loofe from these troublefom Tackles,
A pocky stone Doublet, and plaguy steel Shackles,
I'd leave the damn'd *Tories*, and to do my self justice,
I'd e'n go a mumping with my honest Friend *Eustace*.
Little *Commyns* and *Oats*,
In two *Pilgrim* Coats,
We'd trufs our *black Bills* up, and all our old *Plott*;
We'd leave the base World all for their damn'd rude Behavi-
To two such heroick true Protestant Saviours.

X.

But alack and a day! the worst is behind still, (mill :
Which makes me fetch Groans that wou'd e'n turn a Wind-
Were the Pillory all, I should never be vext,
But oh to my sorrow the *Gallows* comes next;
To my doleful sad Fate,
I find tho' too late,
To this Collar of Wood comes a hempen Crevat;
Which makes me thus roar out with sad Lamentation,
To think how they'll trufs up the Saviour oth' Nation.